

Oxford Co. Advertiser
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NORWAY, ME.

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DENTIST,
NORWAY, ME.

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OFFICE at residence on Main Street. Office
hours from 9 to 12 a.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m.

NORWAY SAVING BANK,
Main Street, Norway, Me.
Money to loan on good security, at reasonable
rates. ROBERT NOYES, Pres. H. M. BEARCE, Treas.

J. T. BOWEN,
New Hair Dressing Rooms,
Clean Shave and Styling Cuts,
Main St.,
GET YOUR MILK DAILY

Benjamin Tucker's
MILK CART!
Good Milk and Honest Measure. If
in want of milk, speak to the driver.

ELM HOUSE,
W. W. WHITMASH, PROPRIETOR,
Norway, Me.

Good Stable connected with the house.

Geo. H. Small,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET,
Over Advertiser's Job Printing office, Norway.

JAMES GRANT,
Painter of Carriages, Sleighs
WAGONS, ETC.

All work done as it should be, and at reasonable
prices. 127 Over Ladies' and Men's shoes, Cut
Street, Norway, Me.

ANDREWS' HOUSE,
South Paris, Maine.

J. M. POOLE, Proprietor.

Good stable connected, and guests of the
house conveyed to and from the depot, free.

Meats and Vegetables,
See Lamb, Pork, Ham, Sausages and Vegetables
brought up on hand and sold at the
Lowest Prices,
Norway, Oct. 15, 1884.

TRUCKING
AND
JOB TEAMING!
I am constantly prepared to do all kinds of work
at reasonable rates. Orders left with R. H.
Noyes or with the editor, will be promptly
attended to. G. H. WHITEHOUSE, Norway, Me.

A. C. JONES,
SMITH AND MACHINIST!
South Paris, Me.

Manufacturer of general machinery, steam
engines, mill work, wood machinery, etc.
Boilers, saws, raps, dies and drills made
and repaired. Sewing, moving & threshing
machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, gun
pistols, etc., neatly and promptly repaired.
Steam and water piping done to order. (37)

J. C. BENNETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork, Lamb, Sausages,
And Meats of all kinds,
Norway, Me.

DENNIS PIKE,
FACTORY on Paris St., Norway.
Leached and un-leached Ashes taken in
exchange for Soap.

Cash paid for Tallow, Bones, damaged
Pork, Sausages, Table Grease, etc.

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. - NEW SERIES XV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1884.

NO. 32.

Oxford Co. Advertiser

Rates of Advertising.
One Square (24 lines, 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00
Each continuation, .25
One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00
Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., \$1 each, or 5 cents per line. Extra advertising inserted at the established rates.
A liberal discount by the column or year.

POWER JOB PRINTING

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly
done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

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POWER JOB PRINTING

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POETRY. [Written for the Advertiser.] Memories of Bryant's Pond.

BY BENJAMIN TUCKER.

I would speak of a quiet village
That is all unknown to fame,
Near a lake of sparkling water,
Called "Bryant's Pond" by name.

It boasts of no stately buildings,
Like many a place we know,
Its dwellings are plain and simple,
And were not built for show.

They are also few in number,
Perhaps three score or more,
If we count them all as closely,
Each dwelling, and house, and store.

At the East end of the village,
The Baptist church appears,
Where the people have gathered to worship,
Each Sabbath for many years.

The Universalist Church is seen
On the West end of the village;
It is built for many years,
To worship most Divine.

And back of this, the church yard,
With its marble slabs so white,
That make the graves of loved ones,
Who have gone to realms of light.

And many who now are dwelling
In places far from here,
Remember this humble village,
As the place of their early years.

They remember when, as children,
To Sabbath School they came,
And the heart-felt words of the memory
Of old familiar names.

They remember well the preacher
Who long since went to rest,
Who knew what was best,
Who knew what was best.

There was good old "Father Thompson,"
Who preached in the village;
And told us of the love of God,
And so on this little village.

There were many a day,
There were Bosserman and Coffin,
And Dr. Quincy too,
Who have finished up their life-work,
Assigned for them to do.

There were many a day,
There were many a day,
Have also passed away,
But their faces will be remembered
For many a many day.

White new ones fill their places,
With every passing year,
While other things remain the same,
The mountains and the lake, the hills,
The same old picture made.

And many who may see these lines,
At death will find them true,
On the pleasant days of "long ago,"
At Bryant's Pond, July 26th, 1884.

Bryant's Pond, July 26th, 1884.

As Ye Sow So Shall Ye Reap.

BY GEORGE WALDRON.

"You need have no fear, Alice,
I swear to you by all I hold sacred in
this life or the life to come, not another
drop of liquor shall pass my lips."

There was silence for a few moments.
Young Hugh Akeley's bright face and
sparkling black eyes were all aglow
with earnestness. He was looking in-
tently at Alice Hunt, trying to read her
puzzled expression.

Alice was a study at that moment,
and a very pretty study with her gold-
en curls and round blue eyes looking
blankly in the distance, trying to read
the future.

"I need your help, your encourage-
ment," Hugh continued, "O Alice,
without you what should I do? God
only knows what would become of me."

Love triumphed. Alice forgot the
warnings of her parents and friends.
Hugh needed her; perhaps his life
would be ruined without her. Hence-
forth her life should be devoted to his
interests and welfare.

A beautiful morning in the early au-
tumn they were married, when the for-
ests were just turning to red and gold,
and purple. Everything was looking
at its best. Their cottage, purchased
by Hugh, was a marvel of prettiness,
for he was far from being penniless.
He was the only son of one of the
wealthy men of the village.

The cottage sat back from the dusty
street surrounded by trees and shrub-
bery, with an angle here, a piazza or a
bow window there. Inside it was airy,
furnished, bright, light and pretty.
Hugh had a good position in the
bank, thanks to his father's influence,
and could well support a family.

Thus two years passed, filled with
more than the usual amount of happi-
ness for Alice. The jolly, jovial Hugh
had been true to his promise. He was
gaining the respect and confidence of
his fellow men, and Alice had come to
think of her fears as groundless.

Baby Charlie had been added to the
household, and one afternoon the
young mother was holding him and
listening to his baby language—all his
own—when Hugh entered. Before he
was fairly in the room he exclaimed:
"Will, Alf and Gene Elderly are go-
ing fishing to-night to Wild Goose
Lake, and are coming back Monday,
and want me to go. I told them I
would. You would mind staying here
with the girl and the baby, will you?"

"To-morrow is Sunday, you surely
would not want to go fishing Sunday.
Could you not go some other day as
well?"

"But Alice they are going Sunday
and I want to go with them. I can't
see no more harm in going fishing
than going to ride. You must get
those old-fashioned, over nice ideas out
of your head. My father thinks it no
harm to go fishing occasionally Sunday,
and he is a conscientious and respected
man." He gave her a careless kiss and
added: "Come, put down Charlie and
get my lunch and help me off. You
won't be lonesome, will you?"

"I'll try to be very busy. It is not
that. I fear it is not very busy."
But Alice put aside her doubts and
went to work at once to help him get
ready. "Perhaps," she thought, "I
have been too strict in my notions.
Hugh needs the recreation. He has
been out with the boys but very little
since our marriage. It will do him
good."

In spite of herself there was a fore-
boding of evil, though she bid him
good-bye with a smile, not forgetting
the wily caution "to take good care of
himself."

Monday he returned and she laughed
at her foolish fears. This one of our
greatest blessings that we do not know.
"Alice," he remarked a day or two
after his return, "I feel so much better

for my fishing trip. I fear I have stay-
ed too closely in the house for my
health. I must spend more time in
the open air. I stay all day in the bank
busy with my work, and most of my
evenings at home. I had rather stay
at home it is so much pleasanter, but if
I keep this up much longer I fear that
my health will be ruined. I think I
will go down town to-night. Besides
Gene asked me to drop in and meet a
few friends."

"This was only one evening of the
many and soon it was an exception if
he reached his home a night before
twelve. Alice watched for him night
after night, dreading, fearing, hoping
for his return. Fearing what she dare
not think.

One night he reached home later
than usual. His flushed face and ex-
cited manner told too plainly the truth.
"You are late," said Alice.

"Such a jolly time! O such a jolly
time as we boys have had. I tell you,
you ought to be here."

"You have not—not broken your
promise, Hugh, your sacred promise.
It is true, too true. What is to be the
end? O, what shall I do?"

"Hush, Alice, hush. I ain't done
nothing, not a thing. I only took a
glass of wine with the boys. Any
gentleman would do that. My father
always took wine; it did him good. You
are getting to be a regular bore with
your notions."

Poor Alice, do you wonder she
sobbed herself to sleep? The cloud was
spreading broader and broader, and she
was powerless. She was miles from
the home and friends of her childhood.
Her was a loving, clinging nature.
She had lived solely for her husband's
company and had made few friends,
though she had many acquaintances,
among strangers. Now that darker
days were added to her lot she had lit-
tle heart to form new friends.

She was lonely and sad—try as hard as
she might to disguise her heartache.
Hugh missed her former cheerfulness
and hopefulness just when he needed
them the most.

From bad to worse is only a step.
Hugh squandered his money, neglected
his business; and we find him at ten
years from our first acquaintance so de-
graded that he hardly cares to conceal
his degradation. His father had help-
ed him again and again only to find his
penitence and promises only out-lasted
a fresh supply of money. Had he not
been the son of his father? He would
long since have been dismissed from
his position in disgrace.

One evening Alice had put the older
children to bed, for Alice and we will
now assert their claims as members
of the family and picked up their few
playthings in the now worn and rather
shabbily furnished rooms, when Mr.
Akeley entered.

"Where is Hugh?" he asked.

Alice noticed he looked careworn.
She told him that Hugh had gone out,
handed him a chair and asked him to
wait for his return.

Apparently without noticing he took
the chair and in a despairing manner
said: "Alice, I fear I am ruined.
Pearl it is useless to keep the truth
from you longer. They have suspected
wrong for some little time, and now it
has been conclusively proved to me and
all who have been looking up the mat-
ter that Hugh has ingeniously taken
large, very large, portions of my money
and has successfully concealed the fact.
The bitter of all is, he is my son. He
does not suspect we have discovered
the loss. The officers are now looking
for him."

Hardly had he finished speaking
when uncertain footsteps were heard
coming through the sitting room. It
was again early autumn, and the even-
ing being chilly, they were sitting by a
fire in the kitchen. Hugh appeared at
the door. His expressionless eyes and
limp manner showed too well who was
victor.

"Ho, father, how do de-do-do?"
he gave a lurch and a step forward,
seized his father by the hand while he
gave him a familiar slap on the shoulder
with his other hand. "You're a re-
spectable father of a worthy son. I
re-respect you and feel proud to
point to you as my father. I quote
your words to the boys, 'liq-lig-
nor is go-good in its p-place.' My fa-
ther is a respect-respectable man."

"Are you not content in ruining
yourself and us all," exclaimed Alice,
"that you must talk to your father in
that manner. I am sorry."

Alice never finished that sentence.
In his frenzied brain his honor had
been assailed. He grasped an axe
standing in the wood-box near him,
which Alice had had when she kindled
the fire, to split some kindlings, and
before they could think what he was
about to do, had buried the axe in Al-
ice's brain, killing her almost instantly.
Not content with this, this inhuman
fiend, made so by the curse of our land,
slung the axe from the wound and
plunged it in the innocent sleeping
babe in the cradle. The drunken man's
aim was sure.

His father's screams brought the offi-
cers who had come to the house in
search for him, and he was prevented
from doing more injury.

It was another beautiful day, almost
the exact counterpart of that day just
eleven years ago when Hugh Akeley
and Alice Hunt were married. There
was an open grave in the churchyard,
thronged of people were gathered round.
By the side of the grave rested a coffin,
and we pressed forward to take a last
look at our friend with baby Willie

peacefully sleeping by her side. The
choir had just finished singing the fa-
vorite hymn, the hymn that has been a
comfort to thousands of sorrowing
ones.

"Jenny, lover of my soul,
Let me to thee be true,
A grey haired man leading by, either
hand a more than orphaned child, stood
near. His calm grief of despair un-
moved by the sobs of those around.
Alice's troubles were over. Should
we mourn when a weary soul has found
rest?"

"My friends," said the old man after
those nearer friends had returned to
the house of Hugh's childhood, "my
friends," he repeated in a voice husky
with emotion, "I see it all now, I have
sown the seed; I reap the whirlwind.
In the presence of the most solemn
form of earth—death—let this our mis-
fortune and our light warn you with
children, and all, that as you sow
so must be the harvest. The seed I
sowed seemed very small, but it fell
on good ground; behold the result.
Our evil influence may meet us
when it is too late to make amends."

In his jail cell, this anniversary of
his marriage, while his sorrow-stricken
and murdered wife with their child,
crushed by his own hand, are being
buried by other hands than his, Hugh
was awaiting his trial. Not in an
earthly court, for he has gone to a high-
er tribunal. He has taken his own life.
It will never be known how he ob-
tained the poison with which he committed
the deed. On a paper written with a
pencil, which was found near him were
these words:

MY CHILDREN—I am about to com-
mit the one praiseworthy act of my life
just twelve years too late. The one
bright thing I have to console me is,
you will never desire to imitate your
father's misdeeds. I leave you a blight-
ed name, but should you struggle to
redeem it you will gain the only path
to true manhood and womanhood.
Why should people desire to
bring ruin to themselves and their
dearest and best; and shame to humani-
ty? Why should they wish to ob-
tain excellence in this life for a poison,
a deadly deadly poison to them-
selves and all who care for them; or lose
the haunts of the vile that visit the
worthiness which are our birth-rights?
All the world stand aghast at the blow
that caused the release of my wife and
ed to see the tenfold more painful
wounds inflicted through my wrong do-
ing. My life is passed; yours is before
you. I have gathered the fruits of my
ways. Yours will be as you make it."

HUGH AKELEY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]
Huntin' for the North Pole.

BY ANN BAXTER.

Now ain't it awful a sendin' men way
up there in the cold to hunt for some-
thin' nobody never seen nor
haint likely to? Poor things! How I
pity 'em and how bad I do feel for the
wives and mothers of them that's dead.
I take it right home to myself and I
think what if it was one of my boys
a starvin' way in them ice-fields out
of sight and hearin' of any neighbors.
I think the government order forbid
such actions instead of encouragin' 'em in
throwin' their lives away wanderin'
round in them north west passages.

Caleb he brought in the paper last
night and he read the heart-rendin'
story of their sufferin'. I think it's a
dreadful thing! I couldn't keep from
cryin' to save me. Jest to think of
their havin' to eat leather and seal-skin
while we was livin' on strawberry short
cake and enough of everythin'."

"Think how solum it was buryin' their
comrades, one by one, layin' 'em away
in that land of ice and expectin' soon
to follow! I tell you it's an awful thing
to think of!"

"Well," says Caleb when he got
dout readin' the piece, "our nation
has sent men to the highest latitude of
any."

"Latitude?" says I. "What's latitude
to sevenfeen-feller-beins sacry-
ficed to a horrid freezin' death? What's
latitude to the sorrow of their folks at
home? I guess if my James Ezra was
pity among them icebergs, a starvin'
way up there where I couldn't get up
to him, nor carry him even a cup of tea,
I guess it wouldn't be no great com-
fort to know he was up on a higher
latitude than anybody else. I ain't so
ambitious but that I should be per-
fectly willin' for Queen Victoria's son to
have the honor instead."

"What's the North Pole after you
come to? Maybe it's fifty feet under
snow, nobody knows."

"But folks have got to have somethin'
to be huntin' after and if it went the
North Pole it would be the South Pole
or some sode-fountain-of-undry'n youth
like the one that Spanish man-come to
his death rakin' after."

"Folks is saller wantin' somethin' they
haint got to and our government is jest
foolish enough to—jest in with Mr.
Bennit and keep sendin' men into
some corner of the globe that warn't
never made to live in and then go
round in three or four years and get
their bones and what is left of 'em."

"Now, all the nation can do for them
men that lose their lives a gettin' up to
that highest latitude you've been tellin'
about, all the pay they get is some nice
coffins and flags put down to half-mast
and a little canny hung onto the mast
of the Navy, maybe."

"I tell you it's an awful hard case and
I'm master sorry?"

"I'm sorry for a good many things I
see."

"There's a good deal of huntin' for the
North Pole in this world. Folks'll
leave them they think the most of, and
lose the happiness that belongs to 'em
a tryin' to climb up to the highest lati-
tude; but they generally find it pretty
cold business and a good many icebergs
on the way."

Caleb is thinkin' of goin' down to
Augusta to be a representative, this
winter, and I thought a word or two
would come in amiss for I see him
gettin' ready to go to the store where
he has spent his evenin's ever since the
Chicago Convention, talkin' poli-
tics, I guess.

"Well," says I, "I hope this bad
news from them poor navy men will be
a lesson to us and learn us to be con-
tent with a good livin' and a com-
fortable home and the company of our
own folks instead of chasin' after any
Jack-antern in politics."

And I hope," says I, follerin' him to
the door, "I hope there won't be no
woman in Kennebunk to-night will
have a husband so far off to the North
Pole that she'll have to split her own
kindlin' for mornin'."

[Written for the Advertiser.]
A Journey with the White Horse.

Bryant's Pond, Me., July 20th, 1884.

We date our letters one town in the
rear. Our last was written at Bryant's
Pond depot in the office of the station
agent, R. K. Dunham. This gentle-
man had charge of the depot and the
interests of the railroad in this
section since it was first opened. Mr.
D. has seen the business of the road
develop about six or seven fold and the
village of Bryant's Pond grew up from
two or three houses to its present por-
tions. It has taken him a long time to
reach the village.

The Pond is very prettily located, we
mean both the village and the sheet of
water that bears that name. There are
several good boats on the pond and the
different varieties of fish are considered
plenty including the deceptive black
fish.

John Bicknell is proprietor of the
Glen Mountain House, having succeed-
ed D. A. Coffin via. of purchase of the
house a year and a half ago. The coun-
try inn keeper this year feels poor and
tired—there is light and money a little
hard. By the way, we learn that A.
K. Paul, of the Beal's House of your
place is negotiating for the lease of the
house.

There are several stores here and are
well supplied with a general stock of
merchandise. The traders seem to be
prosperous and we should judge a ma-
jority of them are making money, as
the most of them, if not all, are regular
advanced paying subscribers to your
paper—this is a good indication—
Among the traders we mention F. M.
Bartlett, Ansel Doughty & Co., W.
H. Cole.

H. F. Houghton has recently opened
a furniture store in which may be
found a full and complete assortment
of furniture of the latest styles at low
prices. He also has glass ware and
crockery and several good brands of
flour, etc.

The millinery of the village is under
the guidance of Miss Sylvia Perham,
and the ladies of this place, the same as
the sisters elsewhere pride themselves
on their stylish hats and bonnets with
mammoth and abbreviated brims and
high topped feathers co-mingled with
soft and high colored ribbons, laces,
and the innumerable finery of modern
development and civilization. All this
is supplied by Miss Perham.

The apothecary and job printing
business is combined. Happy combi-
nation! Especially so to the average
printer were it not for the Maine pro-
hibition laws. A. M. Chase & Co. is
the firm name and in fine job printing
Montrose is hard to beat or even to
equal.

Mr. Chas. R. Houghton—deals in
hard and lin ware. His mother lives in
Norway and the son takes a lively in-
terest in the business of your village.
He has a large and full line of goods.
Thomas Ricker & Son are the
blacksmiths of the place and near their
shop is the carriage factory bearing the
sign of "A. M. Trull" who is now lo-
cated at Norway. He was formerly in
business here. Mr. Trull's mother
lives here.

A Dudley keeps a lively stable as
does Ezra Stephens, the show-man.
The former has four horses and the lat-
ter five or six. Their prices are rea-
sonable and the drives about here are
delightful.

Ezra Stephens, the show man is a
genius and a show in himself. He has
been engaged in trade and the show
business for thirty years or more. He
commenced life without a dollar and
by a combination of tick, thrift, enter-
prise and eccentricities he has accumu-
lated a handsome competency. We re-
collect of first meeting with him some
four years since at Laconia, N. H. He
was at the head of a monstrous tent
show exhibiting a large part of all the
curiosities in existence. We think the
pair of buffaloes he then had been sold
to Barum. Stephens is now as
much interested in shows as ever. He
owns a five-legged bull—the only one
of the kind in the known world. A
genius like him is seen in a pen in
the barn. A Rocky Mountain stallion
and circus riding horse is quartered

here, also wagons, vehicles, traps, car-
riages, and modern, with wonders of
many descriptions valuable and other-
wise. The store is similar only a little
different. A general stock is kept, in-
cluding prints which he is selling at
two cents per yard. Here you can find
everything from the photograph of
Donald McKay and family—the cap-
ture of Capt. Jack of Modoc fame—to
the floating fleet in the Bay of Na-
ples. Clothes, boots, robes, whips,
jewelry, drugs, medicines, agricultural
implements. Stephens is a jeweler,
watch and clock maker

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form neatly and promptly
at the Lowest Prices.

est which makes the

said of worrying about
find out if she is well
look at her nose. If
paunist and told, if fever-
She is like a dog in
staring coat or hollow
his indicating trouble.
e of disease they are
led than the dry nose.

se, says a horse dealer
of flax seed, one of
oats and one of corn,
mixture together, the
ing about what they
d two or three quanti-
times a day, min-
of cat hay and straw,
readily let the quanti-
increased until he will
unrts at every feeding
say. He should, how-
po more than he will
meal.

ing to the *World*, says
the thinking of painting
I find that the applica-
petroleum lessens the
et required and will
last longer. A waste
and very satisfactory;
it is made by slack-
making it with water
each peck of lime half
and a pound of sulphate
sh may be colored to
blades. For a cream
y ochre; and for gray,
ed in vinegar.

al, that cheese-makers
in the whey until it
strong acidity, when
its acid neutralizes the
hardens the curd into
fible mass. The ren-
ard assists in break-
ing can only do so in
proportion to the quan-
ty of the curd and other
ants of milk. This
also expels too much
cheese, the cheese to
be instead of the more
ound in nonacid
the Record.

SEXPEPPER

ers through
Camine.
er's wife
rest and recreation.
more time to ex-
cepts with each
fig of us may want
for pillow and ex-

ch Laundry soap
and like it very
he how much to
two foaming,
white night-dresses.
In the Household
esses for the chil-
." I have tried
much pleased, for I
than white ones,
hard to wash. I
made them up
So if a child is sick
rwrapper, looking
ful than white

Hervsx.

The five arts. It
study. We have
g at the present
or who loves
very young maiden
household to love,
et works on this
studies grammar,
ography in the
should practice
a hands at home.
any lady a good
quired by close
actice, by many
A good cook
and healthful
ple articles. A
wretched dinner,
market at her dis-
the day when
It will be taught
other important
girls and young
thing-school, as
nicing-hall, and
tion will boast
her puddings as
acquisitions in

to serve on
ps, in made by
pot, or if you
gravy it is still
apples which
and sliced, lot
in this, season
pavor. When
eat them until

Two gallons of
on of green to-
tions chopped
windage, one
used and once
satisfactory
which quite
the way of a
one the hard-
the hardest
season but
the credit
to keep long

